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1823a

THE
Death of Life in London;

OR,

TOM AND JERRY'S FUNERAL.

AN ENTIRELY

New Satirical, Burlesque, Operatic Parody,

IN ONE ACT,

*Not taken from any thing, but taking off many things, full
of Wit, pregnant with Sensibility, abounding in Effects,
Pathetic, Moral, Instructive, and Delightful, being the
last that ever will be heard of those Two Popular Heroes.*

PERFORMED, FOR THE FIRST TIME,
At the Royal Coburg Theatre,
ON MONDAY, JUNE 2, 1823.

WRITTEN BY T. GREENWOOD, ESQ.

* * * * *

And if Critics will pardon the pun,
Their FUNERAL will make, if you transpose the Word,
What is needed, when cheerless — REAL FUN.

BALTIMORE:

Printed and Published by J. Robinson,
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94, Market-street.

1823.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SURVIVING HEROES AND HEROINES.

<i>Robert Logic, Esq.</i>	{ Executor to Corinthian Tom, deceased.—Consoler to Corinthian Kate,—Ghostly Adviser to Sue,—A Repentant Sinner on his last Legs, and beginning to think of his latter end,	<i>Mr. Dobbs.</i>
<i>Old Hawthorn,</i>	{ Jerry's disconsolate Papa, preparing for <i>Death in the Country</i> , whilst cursing <i>Life in London</i> ,	<i>Mr. Loveday.</i>
<i>James,</i>	{ ate Valet to Tom, who having made pretty pickings in his Master's Lifetime, most decorously mourns for his Death, with humble hopes of losing nothing by the Bargain,	<i>Mr. Hill.</i>
<i>Dusty Bob,</i>	{ not <i>Relations</i> but particular <i>Friends</i> of the deceased <i>Gentlemen</i> , who, on the receipt of the mournful Intelligence, resolve to wet the other Eye, and avail themselves of such consolation as the <i>Back Stums</i> afford to <i>Covies</i> in distress, viz. <i>Flashes of Lightning</i> , <i>Swigs of Heaveny</i> , <i>Hearty Shoves</i> , <i>Drops of Daffy</i> , and <i>Friar's Balsam</i> ,	<i>Mr. Howell.</i>
<i>Billy Waters,</i>		<i>Mr. Harwood.</i>
<i>African Sall,</i>		<i>Mr. George.</i>
<i>Little Jemmy,</i>		<i>Mr. Hummerston.</i>
<i>Scragg, the Butcher,</i>		<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
<i>Constable of the Night,</i>	{ <i>Knights of the Rattle</i> , who receive the Intelligence with most unseemly Demonstrations of horrid Satisfaction, anticipating a comfortable Snooze in their Private Boxes, undisturbed by Corinthian Freaks,	<i>Mr. Gale.</i>
<i>English Charley,</i>		<i>Mr. Asbury.</i>
<i>Irish Charley,</i>		<i>Mr. Maxwell.</i>
<i>And Charley's of every Country and no Country.</i>		

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Corinthian Kate, { an equivocal sort of Widow, who can't help laughing with one Eye, whilst she cries with the other. seeing her Dear Tom has left her all he had to leave, which, considering all she squeezed out of him whilst alive, she has no reason to believe a great deal, } *Mrs. Bradley.*

Sue, { with no more Mourning for Jerry, than he has left her in his Will, } *Mrs. Tennant.*

Fanny, { *Servant* to Kate, but more intent on *serving her own turn* than her Mistresses, and resolving to stick to the *living Valet*, out of respect to his *dead Master*, with some hopes of a small Legacy, } *Miss Parrock.*

Mary Rosebud, { Mad, Miserable, and Mischievous, *something* like Ophelia, but *not* very, mourning, not for Hamlet, but her Jerry, with a lurking intention of revenging her loss upon the Wig of her Papa, } *Mrs. Young.*

Various other Cadgers, Costermongers, Charleys, respectable acquaintances of the defunct heroes.

SHADES OF DEPARTED HEROES.

Ghost of Corinthian Tom, { not much the worse for his Journey to the other World, and suspected of an inclination to resume his Larks and Sprees in this, } *Mr. Rarbatarn.*

Ghost of Jerry, { more like a *Body* than a *Spirit*, but not at all a *Grave Subject*, as much *Up as Down*, but not very likely to *Fly*, who having been to the other Country, is wide awake to the consequences of LIFE IN LONDON. } *Mr. Slaman.*

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION,

PREVIOUS TO LAST SCENE.

FOUR Sweepers clearing the way.
Two Boys bearing torches, alias links.
Two Mutes with staves, surmounted with the Lilly Shallows of the departed Heroes.
Two Jockeys.
Four Flower and Match Girls.
Logic, with his umbrella or spread, up and broken.
Kate and Sue.
Servants.
Banners with cards painted, and inscription 'Two Trumps Lost.'
Board, with 'Rouge et Noir lost upon Black,' written on it.
A Man with a clock, 'Time's up.'
Four Pugilists properly dressed for sparring, and with crape tied round their arms.
A man bearing the ropes, P. C.
Billy Waters, his fiddle in mourning.
Dusty Bob, his bell muffled.
Sai beside him, drinking to drown sorrow.
Little Jemmy in his sledge.
The Charlies bring up the rear.

In the Course of the Piece will be introduced,

A DEVILISH (not awkward) DANCE OF CHARLIES.

On hearing of Tom and Jerry's death, with dismal Yells of Demoniac Joy in a dreadful Parody on the celebrated Witches' Chorus in Macbeth, composed by Locke. "Most Musical, most Melancholy," with a horrible Accompaniment of Rattles and Staves (*Not on Heads*).—

Preparing to commit TOM and JERRY to their Mother Earth, they turn out further off than was expected—a Hop, Step, and a Jump from Tears to Smiles.—Finale,—And Musical Epilogue by all the Characters.

MUSIC BY T. HUGHES.

THE
DEATH OF LIFE IN LONDON;
OR,
TOM AND JERRY'S FUNERAL.

SCENE I.—*The Chaffing Crib.*

Enter JAMES and FANNY.

James. So now the *debt* is paid—he's gone poor man!

A debt we all must pay; come cheer up Fan!

Fan. I thought last night of *hope*, there seem'd no sign.

James. What did they call it Fan?

Fan. A deep decline.

James. Oh no such thing, that Squeezefee had no gumtion,

Decline indeed! say *galloping* consumption!

Fan. 'Tis a good job for poor Miss Kate, 'tis clear,

He's left her all his property I hear.

James. But his *estate* was somewhat worse for wear,
And like his *habits*, not in good repair.

Fan. Yes, he was never niggard of his purse.

James. As to th' *estate*, they'll put it out to nurse:

'This Life in London is the very devil!

And those who follow it soon find the level.

I said 'twould be so, their career's soon run,

But as to mourning—

Fan. I'm sure, James, I have none.

James. Oh he has left us *that*, Fan, never doubt.

Fan. For *places* too we now must look about,
I'll live with *single men*, no more that's flat.

5 THE DEATH OF LIFE IN LONDON; OR,

James. But 'bout a character?

Fan. Miss Kate will give me that.

James. Our *characters*, dear Fan, are lost I doubt;
If so, for new ones we must look about.

Fan. This gloomy scene will give us both the vapours,

James. Well! I must go and put it in the *papers*;

Mr. Bob Logic wrote the paragraph;

And bid me take it to the *Telegraph*.

Fan. But James, how silly 'tis of that Miss Kate,

She wishes him they say to *lay in state*.

James. What nonsense Fanny—*state*, I cant help
laughing,

Our poor dear Master, would have call'd that
chaffing.

But come, I am ordered to the *finish Maker*.

Fan. The finish who?

James. My dear the undertaker.

And by the bye, it will be quite as well

To tell old *Pickaxe*—

Fan. What?

James. To toll the bell.

(*Exeunt*.)

SCENE II.—*A Chamber. The Window closed.*

KATE and SUE discovered in Mourning, weeping bitterly.
A black seal on the Letter in KATE's hand.

A few bars of slow music.

"My Lodging is on the Cold Ground."

KATE rises and speaks.

Kate. Hung be the heavens with black, henceforth be
seen

You azure firmament in *bombazeen*;

Ye summer Clouds assume a graver shape,

And let your edges all be trimm'd with *craps*;

Gone to that bourne from whence no soul returns,

To cheer the hapless, weeping o'er their urns.

Thou migh'st *as yet*—the reckning Death have
scor'd

And not the *best of Toms*—untimely *floo'r'd*.

TOM AND JERRY'S FUNERAL.

How could'st thou ruthless tyrant cause such woe,
'Ere pass'd our honey moon? Oh—oh—oh—oh!!

SUE rises and speaks.

Sue. Stars hide your heads, and shew no lust'rous spark
And change the *milky way*—from light to dark;
Ye planets mourn—be full eclipsed the *moon*,
And be each *morning* changed to *afternoon*:
Be metamorphos'd the celestial globe,
And let all nature wear grief's sable robe,—
Let all be *dark*, as ripe *Murella Cherries*,
For death has robb'd us of the best of *Jerrys*.
Let all be chang'd, from *Indus* to the *Po*,
And like my heart, a *blank*—oh!—oh—oh—oh!!

DUET.

AIR. “*Then farewell my trim-built wherry.*”

Kate. Then farewell, dear Tom and Jerry,
Lilly Shallows now farewell;
Never more at *Almack's* merry,
Shall our heroes take a spell.

Sue. Then farewell to gig and laughing,
Fêtes and festivals, farewell,
Death has silenc'd all their *chaffing*.
Hark! I hear—*Saint Dunstan's bell*!
(*a loud knock.*)

Kate. (*starting*) Ah! what was that?

Sue. Only the *butcher*, or perhaps the *baker*.

Kate. Ah, me! I fear'd it was the *undertaker*!

Enter SERVANT in black—gives SUE a Card.

Sue. Oh, 'tis Bob Logic—shall we see him Kate?
Or shall *he* bid him in the parlour wait?

Kate. Ah Sue, 'twas *he* first tempted *Tom* to sin,
But I forgive him.—William, shew him in.

(*Exit Servant.*)

Enter Logic in black, his umbrella covered with Crape.

Logic. "What still in tears," as Randolph us'd to say,
 Alas! we're here to-morrow gone to day;
 But tears avail not—useless is that sigh,
 Fretting avaunt! for sorrow's all my eye!
 Look cheerful, damsels, and shake off these dumps,

Kate. Ah where again shall we find two such *trumps*?

Logic. Both *out and outers*, and a bang up pair,
 Nothing but *good ones* can their loss repair.
 'Tis a fat grief tho', Kate,—for let me add—
 Tom made a *will* and left *you* all he had.

Kate. Ah! gen'rous soul, he was too good by half,
 Too good to live dear man!

Logic. (*aside*) Hem! that's all *chaff*!
 (*Takes out the will.*)

See, here it is!

Kate. My beating heart lie still!

Logic. Come dry your peepers while I chaunt the
will.

CHAUNT.—*Logic.*

I will and bequeath to the girl I adore,
 My estate in the country of Ballynapore.
 I give to *Bob Logic* when I'm in the dust,
 My new *Lilly Topper*, and best *upper crust*.
 My *courage* I leave to the lads of the ring,
 And my *mufflers*, three pair, to *Neate, Randall* and *Spring*.
Item, I bequeath, as 'twill be a dry job,
 A bottle of *Daffy* to young *Dusty Bob*.

To the *Charleys*, new words—to the ancient *Te Deum*;
 My *Sketches by Cruikshanks* to th' *British Museum*,
 I leave poor *John Bull*, who talent espouses,
 Some *blunt* to improve *Minor Managers' Houses*.
 I leave to *Pierce Egan*, lest his muse should be undone,
 An *unfinished sketch*, for a new "*Life in London*."
 My *Tattler* I will to my laundress, sweet *Nancy*,
 And my *coinage of words*, in a lump, to the *fancy*.

Logic. And so dear Kate, you now must cease to
 grieve.

Since Tom has left you all he had to leave ;
 I must away—(dry, dry these tears of sorrow)
 To make arrangements for my friends to-morrow.

SONG — *Logic.*

AIR. “ *With a pipe in one hand.*”

With a *spre* on one side and a *row* on the other,
 In the cause of a true and tried friend ;
 With a *foil* in one hand and a *muffler* on t’other,
 Tom and Jerry both met their sad end.
 No more shall they *ramble*, nor kick up a dust,
 Death has closed both the *valves* of their bellows ;
 In a coffin of lead, each now lays down his head,
 And their friends mourn two hearty good fellows.—

Kate. What two hearty—

Sue. What two hearty—

All. And their friends mourn two hearty good fellows !
 (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*Interior of Hawthorn Hall.*

OLD HAWTHORN, *in mourning, discovered writing and directing a letter.*

Old H. “ To Peter Pickaxe, tomb and stone adorer,
 “ No. 13, Grave Alley, Amen Corner.”
 There, my poor boy, though sadly hard thy doom,
 I’ve given instructions for a handsome tomb ;
 In Hawthorn Church it shall adorn the wall,
 And teach the village to lament thy fall ;
 Ah, Jerry, Jerry, what a Job you’ve made on’t,
 Your London Youths soon make a pretty trade on’t ;
 Curse “ *Life in London*,” heartily say I—
 This comes of making my poor Jerry “ *fly* ! !”

Enter SERVANT in mourning.

Serv. Lord, Sir, here’s Mary Rosebud at the gate,
 In such a wild and strange distracted state ;
 She calls young master her sweet mountain daisy ;
 I verily believe the poor girl’s crazy.

Old H. I shouldn’t wonder—for she loved the lad,
 And disappointment drives the sex all mad.

MARY ROSEBUD *sings within.*

A youth did woo a damsel fair,
And love it was that brought him there :
Said he, my dear, I'm come to wed,
If you'll be to the altar led.

Heigho !

Old H. Poor girl, she's lost ! abandoned to despair,
Pale as her smicket, mad as a March hare !

Enter MARY ROSEBUD, mad, and dressed fantastically,
a basket in her hand—sings—

I'll dig his grave, I'll weave his shroud,
I'll seal his lips with kisses ;
A pattern be for all the proud
And taudry London misses.

I must to bed softly, though I cannot sleep,
For such a Jerry who could cease to weep ;
He kiss'd me once, and oh, it was as sweet
As Yorkshire pudding baked beneath the meat.

(*Sees Hawthorn.*)

Good day, old gentleman,

Old H. She knows me not.

Mary. Hast any wigs to sell ? I'll buy the lot.—
I always thought that Tom a shocking rake—
They've kill'd poor Jerry *keeping him awake.*
No more my dearest shall obtain renown,
By milling glaze, and knocking Charlies down,
He lost his *ticker* first, and then his life ;
And I, *heigho*, shall never be a wife !

Sings.

Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

Speaks.

Here's *crocuses* for you, and *hips* and *haws*,
I'll pluck some rosebuds when the weather thaws ;
There's *leeks* for broth—I have no London pride,
For all that wither'd when poor Jerry died.

Old H. Mad as the devil quite a wither'd tree—
Poor thing her senses are quite lost !

Mary. Ah me ! ah me !
Oh ! there he is—look, look at yonder cloud !
Dancing a waltz with Tommy in his shroud.
He's *there* ! he's *here* ! racks, torments, and despair !
He's gone ! he comes ! he's here—

Old H. Where ? I dont see him—shew me where.

Mary. Art fond of mushrooms ? I will bring a few ;
We've often walk'd together when they grew ;
Ah, dearest Jerry, where's our promis'd bliss ?
Dids't 'scape the *tread mill* to arrive at this ?
Sure he won't perish in the pelting storm—
I'll knit some nightcaps, *they* will keep him warm !
I'll do't, I'll do't !

Old H. I wish poor soul, she'd go !

Mary. I'll take the stage to Paternoster Row.
They'll tell us all about it won't they dad ?

Old H. (*aside*) If you would go, I'm sure I should be
glad.

I'm quite alarm'd, and dread her very looks !

Mary. Good bye, I'm only going to the pastry-cook's.
(*Seizes him by the throat.*)

Villain ! Jew monster ! give me back my Jerry,
Or in your heart this bodkin I will bury !

Old H. Oh lord ! oh lord !

Mary. Fye, fye, old man, fye fye !
I dare not stay, you've such a roguish eye !

Sings.

Five bunches a penny primroses,
Five bunches a penny !

Speaks.

I'il teach his name to our old *Sexton's* parrot ;
Good day, old gentleman—*here, there, my chariot* !
(*Exit.*)

Old H. Follow her, booby, for in this madness fond,
Perhaps she'll take a cooler in my pond ;

(*Exit Servant.*)

Poor thing ! poor thing ! I wish now I had stopp'd
her !

She loved my boy, and henceforth I'll adopt her !

But I must go and see the last of Jerry,
 Before my boy they so untimely bury—
 Order my chaise, leave nothing needful undone,
 Oh wretched parent!—Damn this Life in London!
 (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.—*Tom's Chaffing Crib.*

Enter FANNY and JAMES in mourning.

Fan. Oh James, don't leave me, I'm in such a fright
 I had such horrifying dreams last night.
 And at my bed's foot, holding by the post,
 As sure as eggs are eggs, I saw his ghost.

James. Pooh, pooh, you silly girl; don't talk such
 stuff!

As master used to say, you're quite a *muff*!
 His ghost indeed! no, no, he's had his batch;
 He'll rise no more, to come to this world's *scratch*.
 But hark ye, Fanny, what d'ye think I hear
 They say he's left me twenty pounds a year.
 He knew my worth—I managed all his pelf,
 Let no one rob him Fanny, *but—myself*.
 In *service* Fanny, we too long have tarried,
 So when the fun'ral's done we'll both be married.
 Take a snug inn, as you have often said,
 And call it, Fanny, *The Corinthian's Head*.
 What say you eh?

Fan. Aye, James, with all my heart:
 From this dull scene I'd willingly depart;—
 And quit this London, this sad scene of sorrow;
 So, if you like, James, let it be to-morrow.

James. Agreed, but bustle, Fan, leave sad reflections,
 While I to Logic go for full directions.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE V.—*The Cadgers at a Benefit Club Supper.*

Little JEMMY in the Chair. DUSTY BOB, BLACK SALL,
BILLY WATERS, SWEEPING JEMMY,
ENGLISH SAILOR, SCRAG the Butcher,
Cadgers Costermongers, &c. &c.

(*A general laugh.*)

All. A very good song and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one!

Chair. Ha! ha! what shall we say, Jem, after that
'ere chaunt?

Jem. "Success to Cadgers, may they never want!"

Chair. I prize that sentiment, 'tis quite to my own
thinking,

An excellent excuse beside for drinking;

Dusty. I say, my rum one! what ye arter, Jack?

Give us the heavy, let me ha' my vhack.

Come, Sarah, bite—'tis your drink now my chuck;
There wet your whistle.

Sall. Tanky Bob, here's luck!

Scragg. I rise, Mister Chairman, a health to propose,
Which no Gemman here can in justice oppose.

Upstanding, *unkiver'd*, I hope it will be,

Here's my friend, *Dusty Bob*, with a fire of three!

(*They drink.*)

Omnes. Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Dusty. Ladies and gemmen, coveys and the rest,
I rise to thank you, and I'll do my best;
Don't put me out, now, there's Fan Giggles laughing,
I'm but a dummy, you all know at chaffing;
Although on pewter never turn my back,
Vy lord, you know I love to ha' my vack:
Stay, I've forgot, I'd something else to say,
But that 'ere *heavy's* took my speech away;
For this *here* honor, and that *there* support,
I humbly thanks you.

Scragg. Oh, Bob, cut it short.

Bob. So, in return, don't put me out I say,

I'll take for nothing, all your dust away.

Billy. Bravo! Massa Bob, vell speakee and pat,

Bob not such a fool as he looks for all

Jem. A song, a song, and here—refill the *cruet*.

Scr g. No, no, let's have from Sall and Bill a *duet*.

Billy. Wid all my heart—de duet, of all tings,
Like any teakettle poor Billy sings.

Bob. And as to Sarah, I don't tell a story,
She's fit to sing at any *rorytory*.

Scrag. From east to west, from north to south,
Come lug it out, and Sarah, give it mouth!

Sall. No, Massa Bob, me got bad cold, me hoarse.

Chair. Oh then we must excuse her.

All Oh, of course! of course!

Chair. Come Teddy Scrag, you're at all in the ring!

Scrag. Upon my honour, Mister Chairman, I can't sing.

Jemmy. Oh, that's a good one! now I can't help
laughing.

BILLY. Dat what my friend, dere Bob call chaffing.

Come *throw* it off, me come into de middle,
And while you *tinging* Billy play de fiddle.

BOB. Lay hold here Billy, this will *squeevnch* your thirst,
A drap of fullers earth to rosin first.

SONG.—*Scrag.*

AIR. “*Said a smile to a tear.*”

A violin behind the scenes to accompany the Song.

Said a steak to a chop,
On a hook in my shop;
In the dog-days and very hot weather:
Dear chop it is clear,
If we long tarry here,
We shall certainly both melt together.

Said the chop from the chump,
To the steak from the rump;
Unless there's a change in the weather;
Lovely steak I agree,
In a mess we shall be.
And be kitchen stuff made both together.

Oh, then with a sigh,
Midst sweet sound, “*what d'ye buy?*”
Said the steak to the chop with emotion,

A long or short six,
In some saveall to fix,
Will at last be our doom I've a notion.

[*They all applaud.*]

Bob. Now that's what I call, cutting it quite fat.

Chair. What shall we say friend Scraggey arter that?

Scrag. Skewer me ! my sentiments are rather lean.

[*Fills his glass.*]

"Confusion to the flies and Captain Green."

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Scrag. And now my masters, as our time's not long,
I calls on Dusty Rob to sing a song.

Bob. Oh, Walker, I can't chaunt my coves you know,
But Billy'll fiddle while I shake a toe.

Sall. So do prett Bob, lauk bless him tender heart !

Bob. Come, now, my rum ones, here's to make a start.

DANCE.

*After which he retires to seat and they proceed with
dialogue.*

Scrag. I wonder what's become of Tom and Jerry ?

Kind hearted Trumps they used to make us merry!

Bob. Prime lads, them 'ere both on'em bang up swells,
They treated me and Sal at Sadler's Wells.

Enter LANDLORD with newspaper

Landl. Oh, wo, wo, wo ! lo ! Life from London's fled !

Alas, alas ! poor Tom and Jerry's dead !

All. (*Start and exclaim.*) Dead !

Bob. Oh, come, no gammon,—pot of half and half !

It's all my eye, and, only Swipes's chaff.

Landl. Read there, read there, and when you've at
it look'd,

You'll find, poor fellows, they're for ground bait
book'd.

*SCRAE takes the paper, the CHARACTERS anxiously
surround him, and he reads aloud.*

"DIED,

"At the Adelphi, in a deep decline,
Last night between the hours of eight and nine ;
Corinthian Tom, whose age was 34,
And Jerry Hawthorn 22,—no more !
After a bold and glorious career,
It pleas'd dark destiny to interfere ;

And cut the thread of these illustrious blades,
 Who thus were sent untimely to the shades ;
 Time gave the *cue* the prompter rang the bell,
 And all lamented when the curtain fell."

[*Sall faints and falls into Bob's arms.*

Chair. Were ever trumps so floor'd before ?

Scrag. Oh, no !

Poor fellows, they are spoke to.

All. Oh, oh, oh !

Bob. Pluck up a spirit, Sall, and don't cry so.

Sall. Ah, Massa Bob, I can't keep tears from flow.

Billy. Den no more maggs for Billy, curse him Death,
 To kill poor Massa, take away him breath !

Scrag. Sorrow is dry,

Landl. My grief is quite profound !

Billy. Suppose we have a drop of daffy round.

Bob. Agreed, agreed, 'twill keep our spirits up.

Billy. We'll chaunt dere *rekeem* in a cheerful cup.

Bottle brought.

CHORUS.

Sorrow is dry ;
 Come wet t'other eye ;
 To grieve o'er the past is a folly :
 Then let us be merry,
 Here's poor Tom and Jerry,
 Those heroes who lived and died jolly.

Exit SARAH, leaning her head on BOB's shoulder.

SCENE VI.—*Logic's Chambers in the Albany.*

Enter LOGIC in a thoughtful attitude, his arms folded, &c.

Logic. It shall be so. Logic thou reason'st well,
 Else whence the strong desire to quit *Pall Mall* ;
 I'll change my habits quickly, very quick,
 My pals are fled, and I will cut my stick !
 The *Floorer General* I've as yet cajoled,
 And often *reason* has cried, Logic, hold !
 I'll give it up, cut rambles, larks and sprees,
 Nor keep such correspondents more as these.

Takes a note from his pocket and reads.

“Last night, dear Bob, the *alderman* aboard,
 “Sam, Dick, and I, five drunken *Charlies* floor’d!
 “But reinforced, determined on a batch,
 “Anon they came like good ones to the scratch;
 “Again we mill’d ’em and then call’d a *drag*,
 “Drove to a *hell* to sport at *Tut* s some *rag*;
 “Clean’d out three muffs at glorious *black and red*,
 “Roll’d to the Finish, and then reel’d to bed.
 “To-morrow into training mean to go,
 “So can’t at *Tattersal*’s on Monday shew:
 “My mare’s in physic;—best regards to Sue.
 “Ever *awake*, dear Bob, you’re *down*, *adieu*!”
 This *life* is *death* I find, it don’t accord,
 My nerves are shatter’d and I’m all abroad;
 Yes, yes, I’ll cut this folly, go to drill,
 “Reform in time, when men think least I will.”

SONG.—*Logic.*

AIR.—“*Corinthian’s Diary.*”

Oh, London, dear Bob, henceforth avoid,
 Nor practice on yourself delusion;
 Better, much better is time employ’d,
 Than in such riot and confusion:
 Give up the farce of hops and hays,
 Stick to your books, retire to college;
 Leave flooring watchmen, milling glaze,
 And get a stock of useful knowledge.

Fatal effects result from larks,
 From sprees, and such nocturnal parleys;
 From high-bred swells, from raking sparks,
 And such mad sport as *boxing Charleys*.
 Leave off in time this crying sin,
 Give every vice and folly over;
 Quit London and its noisy din,
 And in *retirement* live in *clover*.

[*Exit.*

SCENE. VII.—*Inside of a Public House ; or the Watch-house. The Charleys rejoicing. The President in an elevated Box at the Head of the Table. A loud and boisterous Laugh occasionally.*

Pres. Drink, drink about, my boys, come that's your sort,
Henceforth, my lads, we shall have glorious sport ;
These curs'd Corinthians are at rest at last,
Thanks be to Death, our hour of peril's past.

Irish W. True, Master Lungs, they're under lock and
key,

They're safe at rest, and, thank God, so are we.

Pres. No more kick-ups at Bow-street, no complaining.

Irish W. No, the ould gemman's got 'em both in
training.

Pres. Come here's a toast no Charley can refuse :
Shrouds to *Corinthian Captains* and their crews.

Irish W. With all my soul—I only say as how,
I think we're one upon *their Tibby* now !

Pres. Bravo, Pat Leary—Snug enough they lay--
We *mill'd* 'em once though, coming from the play.

2nd W. Aye, so we did ; warn't that the *time o' day* ?

Irish W. Arrah be aisy ! brothers, that's not right ;
By ould Saint Patrick, 'twas the *time o' night* !

Pres. No more *turn-ups*.

2nd W. No, no more cutting capers.

Irish. No, no more *starring sconces* with sharp *scrapers*.

Pres. We now can rest.

Irish W. Secure from frights and fears.

Pres. In my box, Bob, I haven't slept

Irish W. Two years—two years.

Inside they bruised me, so in one big fall,
Sure I'd my box *screw'd* fast against the wall.

Pres. A good thought, Pat, and worthy such a setter ;
Screw's a good dog, but *Holdfast* is a better.

Irish W. For one short nap a night to stand the roast :
Why don't our *betters* sleep upon their post ?

All. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Pres. And if to *ken-cracking* one oft subscribes,
We're not the *only Watchmen* who take bribes.
But now my masters, as our foes have *sherried*,
And will to-morrow (as I hear) be buried--

Irish W. We'll all attend, 'twill be *gontule*, well bred,
Sure they can't *mill us now* becase *they're dead* !

Pres. Now, brother Charleys, one more parting cup,
And then like sober darkey-keepers we'll break up,

CHORUS----*From Macbeth.*

When bloods and street peace-breakers,
Mad swells, and drunk moon-rakers,
Are food for undertakers,
What should we do ?----Rejoice ! rejoice !

When we, like cunning foxes,
Get our duty done by proxies,
To sleep within our boxes,
What should we do ?--Rejoice ! rejoice !

Let's have a dance while we have breath ;
We gain new life by such foes' death ;
Henceforth night brawls and rows shall cease,
Having no foes to break our peace.
So nimbly, nimbly, nimbly, nimbly, nimbly foot it
still,
To the echo---to the echo---to the echo of the
treading-mill.

(*Dance—Shout—Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Street.*

A few Bars of Aerial Music ; after which the Stage is darkened a little.—A Clap of Thunder is heard.--The Ghosts of TOM and JERRY rise on two opposite Traps. They start at seeing each other, but not violently ; as the whole of the scene must be very still and subdued.

Jerry. Ah, Cousin Tom, pray tell me how d'ye do ;

Tom. (*Advancing and shaking hands.*) Very well,
thankye, Jerry ; how are you ?

Jerry. Been very queer, Tom, since I left the earth,
And not at all in love with my new birth.
But are we really dead, Tom, *bona fide* ?

Tom. Dead as small beer, my pink, a week next Friday :
Why if we're not, why o'er that river ferry us ?
Besides, they mean, I hear, to-day to bury us.

Jerry. Oh lord ! Oh lord ! Tom, this is *really* being
down ;

I wish to heaven I'd never come to town.

What will the *old one* say when this he hears ?
And pretty Mary will be drown'd in tears !

Tom. 'Tis true we're *safe*, and can defy the *bums*.

Jerry. But still I'd rather be in the *Back Slums*.

Is there no help ?

Tom. No I ad, we're safely moor'd;

Jerry. Both *double-mill'd*, and most completely *floor'd*.

Tom. Courage my pink ; death some time must arrive,

Remember too, Bob Logic's still alive,

He'll do us justice, make *all right*, depend on't.

Jerry. We're up the spout, Tom, and so there's an end on't.

Tom. Well, all things have an end, we've had our day,
And must for *other heroes* clear the way :

If o'er such patrons they should chance to stumble,

Let them be *proud*, they'll have no cause to grumble.

But hither some one's coming, silence, *mum!*

Jerry. (*looking out.*) Tom, it's all up, for here's our funeral—

Tom. Come !

(Bell during symphony of duet.

DUET.—“*All's Well.*”

Deserted by the fav'ring town,
With whom we long had such renown,
Where we were oft at midnight found,
When watchmen walk'd their lonely round,
When watchmen walk'd

Their lonely round;

But hark ! some charley's voice I hear,

The well known sound salutes my car,

Salutes inv ear :

Who goes there ?— Jerry quickly tell—

Some foe?

Oh, no—above—(*To Gallery.*)

Below (To Pit.)

Good night !

Farewell!

(They stalk off hand in hand.)

LAST SCENE—*A Chamber hung with Black.*

Decorated with Escutcheons, &c. &c.—The Windows closed.—A Mute on each side with Bill Boards, on which are inscribed, "LAST NIGHT OF TOM AND JERRY."

KATE, SUE, LOGIC, BILLY WATERS, DUSTY BOB,
&c. &c. ad infinitum.

Kate. "Can such things be," and make us look aghast?

Logic. "To this complexion must we come at last."

Sue. Come, come, dear Kate, this grief you ought to smother.

Kate. What can I do, my friend?

Sue. (*Whispering*) Why get another!

Kate. To lose one's husband is an awkward job.

Billy. Dis werry cutting—an't it Massa Bob?

Logic. They're now secure from this worl'd's clam'rous duns.

Dusty. (*aside.*) I wonder where's the daffy and the buns.

Logic. Mourn not, dear Kate, Cowper says, "friends must part."

Kate. Ah, 'tis too much, Bob, I shall break my heart,
 To lead such lives, should henceforth be unlawful!

Billy. I'm quite dissected.

Dusty. Yes! it's wery awful!

Kate. (*to Logic.*) Oh, do him justice hand him down to fame,

And let your talents consecrate his name.

Logic. I'll write their epitaphs in lofty verse;

Sue. (*Starts*) Hark! no—yes, 'tis—

Kate. Ye Gods! the hearse!

(*Faints.*)

Logic. Take up the remnants!

Billy. Me feel all quite flurry.

(*Tom and Jerry rise from their biers.*)

Jerry. Gently, my pinks! don't be in such a hurry!

Why Tom!

Tom. Why Jerry! what can all this mean?

We're all abroad!

Jerry. Yes, this is a new scene!

Logic. Ha! ha! ha! sure such a hoax as this a saint might tickle!

Jerry. Why Tom!

Tom. Why Jerry, here's a pretty pickle!

Kate. Why you were ill, and as they *told* us died !

Jerry. 'Twas all a *hoax*, whoever told you---lied !

Dead ! That's a good one ! Tom ! I'll lay a bet,

We're worth a dozen *dead* Corinthians, yet :—

We did *not* die, nor never mean to die ?

At all events we'll have another *shy* !

Tom. We went upon a *tour* you know to FRANCE,

And there—to *try our friends*—ASSUMED a trance.

But tell us, Bob—

Jerry. Aye, how did we come *over* ?

Logic. By *steam*, across, and in a *hearse* from *Dover* !

Jerry. Zounds ! what a spree !

Tom. To lay us out quite stark !

Jerry. Yes, Tom, i'faith it was a *serious* lark.

Tom. (*to Kate.*) How do we look, like dead ones ? tell us Kate ?

Kate. You look'd much better when you laid in state.

Tom. (*aside to JERRY*) Very much *state*.

Jerry. (*aside to TOM.*) They thought we were *done brown*.

And only wanted, Tom, to put us---DOWN.

But, if this HOAX our *patrons* will *forgive*,

For their amusement, we will longer LIVE.

EPILOGUE.

BY THE CHARACTERS.

TOM.

Now, tell me, Kate, our *sprees* and *rambles* o'er,

Repentant and resolved to sin no more,

Can you *forgive* these follies so deform'd !

KATE.

They say no husband's like a rake reform'd.

SUE.

But will you, Tom, when Kate becomes your wife,

Quit *Life in London* for the *married life* ?

TOM.

O, yes, dear Kate, here all my folly ends,

Henceforth I'll live for *you* and these kind friends.

JERRY.

I say, my pinks, methinks you're very merry,
But what the devil's to become of Jerry?
Poor Mary's gone, that should have been my wife,
And I'm quite sick of this wild single life.

MARY ROSEBUD, *without*.

Oh where, oh where have they conveyed my Jerry?
Monsters--stand off, my love they they shall not bury.
(*Enter MARY, but not dressed as before.*)

LOGIC.

She comes, she comes, in all her native charms.

JERRY.

She breathes---she lives.

LOGIC.

Here take her to your arms.

MARY.

They told me, Jerry, you had lost your life,
That I should never, never be your wife.

JERRY.

Oh no, dear Mary, Tom, 'twas done to trick her,
No, Mary, no! I only lost---my *ticker*;
But you're much alter'd, Mary, I must own,
Since I left Hawthorn Hall, how fat you've grown!
I left a *rosebud*, but you now disclose,
The glowing beauties of a full-blown rose.

DUSTY.

Now that's the time o'day, what say, old boy?

BILLY.

Billy so happy, me could dance for joy.

DUSTY.

And when you're married, Sir---then you know,
My Sall and I will come and shake a toe:
Sall's a good kratur, full of gig and mirth,
Rather too fond of that 'are fuller's earth.
She's *dark* 'tis true, but *colours* is no curse.

Sall.

What tho' me black, vhy lauk me none de vorse?

DUSTY.

No more you are, Sall, never care a rush.
You're all correct, and no one sees you blush.

BILLY.

Me dance, me sing, tell story, undo riddle,
And at de wedding Billy play de fiddle.

TOM.

As to friend *Dusty*, we must mend his trim,
What say you, Jerry, shall we pension him?

JERRY.

With all my heart, my *snow-ball* Sally too,
Must be provided for, and rigg'd anew.

DUSTY.

Your kindness is well-timed, Sir, since 'tis said,
My Sarah soon expects to *go to bed*;
You'll find us grateful at some future day.

BILLY.

Billy so happy as de flowers in May.

LOGIC.

And now friend Tom, 'tis time to make a start,
For *Brazen-Nose* to-morrow I depart,
My former follies instantly retract,
And study Blackstone and the *Marriage Act*.

TOM.

Come, Kate, what say you? we too long have
tarried.

KATE.

Aye, men say always so---*before* they're married.

JERRY.

But, harkee Tom, don't leave us in the lurch,
Suppose we all are join'd at Hawthorn Church?

TOM.

With all my heart, and yet it makes me grieve,
Such kind indulgent friends as these to leave.
But whate'er changes time or tide may make,
They'll always find *our gratitude* awake.

JERRY.

Then for *your* favor, let us nightly strive,
And let *your sanction* keep us

ALL ALIVE ! & !

Dance by the Characters and Curtain drops

FINIS.



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